

The Wonderful Works of
PROVIDENCE,

1078 26
3
Shewn to the Widow and Fatherless;
being a true and well-attested Rela-
tion of one *Mary Blake* in *New-*
port, the chief City of the Isle of
Wight, who was left a Widow,
with Four Children on the 7th of
September 1743, and being reduced
to great Poverty, applied to the Pa-
rish: the Church-warden's Cruel-
ty, his miserable End, and her un-
expected Relief.



Printed and Sold in the *Swan-Close*, 1744.
Done from the Original, Licensed.

Comfort Afflicted, &c.

COME all you poor distressed Souls
That rove the World up and down

In bitter want and poverty,
To hear my Ditty pray draw nigh.

In the Isle of *Wight* did a Widow dwell
Who for some Time had lived well;
But when that her dear Husband died,
She for her Babes could not provide.

Four little Children then had she,
Being drove to greatest Poverty,
The Cries her Children oft did make,
Did cause her tender Heart to ake.

Poor Soul! ashamed to beg was she,
Tho' put to great Extremity;
She cried, O Lord, take pity, pray,
Let not my Babies famish'd be.

At length she did a Begging go,
But few to her did Pity show;
Go work quoth they, your Brats and you
Or to the Jail you all shall go.

The rich Ones her did take in Scorn,
Saying, good Woman get you gone;
Such Vermin are not fit to live,
I have not, neither will I give.

O Lord

O Lord, she said, pray cast an eye,
 Hear the distressed widow's cry,
 Alas! what must I do for bread,
 My babes and I will sure be dead.

Then did she wander to her home,
 Calling for help to God alone;
 At length unto the parish, she
 Did thus go in humility.

Good gentlemen, some pity show,
 To one whose heart is full of woe;
 I am a widow in distress,
 Four babes I have that's fatherless:

My husband paid unto the poor,
 All offices likewise he bore;
 But since he's dead, in want am I,
 And forc'd to beg your charity.

This from the rich I do receive,
 The parish must your wants relieve;
 In scorn they spurn me thus away,
 And here I hope reliev'd to be.

Then the church-warden he did say,
 We hear enough from such as thee;
 You are not fit to live, he cried,
 When for yourselves you can't provide.

Kind sir, she said, the Lord you know
 Did not cause riches for to flow
 On many a one, but does command
 The rich they by the poor may stand.

Dives, tho' vastly rich and great,
 Despis'd the beggar at his gate,

But

But from this life of grief and thrall,
The Lord did soon the beggar call.

The angels did his soul convey,
To *Abram's* bosom instantly ;
God sent grim death to call away,
The rich man from his grandeur gay.

Soon as his wicked soul took flight,
To the dark regions of the night ;
His gilded chariot soon did turn,
To flames that do for ever burn.

His tastes, which once so dainty were,
Were choak'd with sulphur and despair ;
His curious eyes could nothing see,
But souls in endless misery.

His blister'd tongue did water crave,
And looking up, beheld the slave,
Which he despised at his gate,
In glory, and a happy state.

O father *Abraham*, said he,
Send *Lazarus*, I pray, to me,
One drop of water let him bring,
To ease those torments I am in.

Remember, all you that live here,
What *Abraham* did then declare,
Son, you good things on earth possess,
When *Lazarus* was much distress.

And now he does in glory shine,
While thy most wretched soul does pine
In everlasting burning flames ;
This often proves the rich man's gains.

Then

Then in a fury he did fly,
Go to the devil, he did cry;
To you no money I will give,
You nor your brats I'll not relieve.

Then spake the little infant dear,
Who aged was but seven year;
My mother dear, trust in the Lord,
He'll give the tyrant his reward.

No more for bread will I complain,
Till it please God to send the same;
And so in peace let us go home,
And put our trust in God alone.

The little baby at her breast,
Looked so harmless in her face,
Its hunger great laments in tears,
Poor soul thus overwhelm'd with cares.

Wringing her hands she did go home,
Her children much for want did moan;
And as in grief she sat by them,
A neighbour's dog by chance came in:

A mouldy crust he then had got,
Which from some other place he bro't,
The hungry babes the bread did seize,
And shar'd it, every one a piece.

This did oppress her heart full sore,
Saying, I this can see no more;
She bid them all for bread go pray
To God, and so they went away.

These innocents away they went,
Hoping some bread there would be sent,
Upon

Upon their knees they strait did fall,
And unto heav'n thus did they call.

Saying, O God, our prayers hear,
Give bread to us poor children here ;
Our mother tells us that you are,
Our God, likewise our father dear.

Now let us leave the babes to mourn,
And to the mother will return,
You that poor and distressed are,
Now in God's mercy don't despair.

She shut the door, and took a knife,
With it to end her wretched life,
Likewise two little infants dear,
That on her knee a sitting were.

Saying, I cannot see you die,
A voice, she thought, she heard to cry,
Stop thy hand, God hears thy pray'rs,
And will relieve the widow's cares.

The great Almighty eye does see,
The rich men in their cruelty ;
How they the poor do now oppress,
The widow and the fatherless.

Turning herself about she spy'd
One that was of the heavenly tribe,
His garments seemed lovely white,
She swooned at the very sight.

But now behold God's careful eye,
Two gentlemen were riding by,
Seeing these Children thus at prayer,
Amazed were with wonder there.

What

What are you doing, pretty babes?
 They said, We're asking God for bread,
 Our mother bid us here kneel down,
 Till God send bread to carry home.

Shew us your mother, then they said,
 And we will quickly give you bread,
 The joyfull babies then arose,
 And to their tender mother goes.

Her babes and she lay on the ground,
 They soon reviv'd her from her swoon,
 And when her wretched case they hears,
 It from their eyes drew floods of tears.

A purse of gold to her they gave,
 Saying, further we shall you relieve;
 Then did to the church-warden go,
 Upbraiding him for doing so.

With that he in a fury flew,
 Saying, We may have enough to do;
 If we such vermin should relieve,
 On earth they are not fit to live.

If I give her one bit of bread,
 May I e're morning be struck dead;
 Vile wretch, the gentlemen did say,
 May God be just to you we pray.

Now, rich men, view, as in a glass.
 God's judgments heavy fall at last;
 To bed he went that very night,
 But was struck dead e're morning light.

His head was dash'd in pieces small,
 His blood was sprinkled on the wall,

A dismal Sight, and sad to view,
This many know for to be true.

The Overseers sent straightway,
For this distressed Family;

And gave her tender Babes Relief,
This put an End to all her Grief.

This News did spread the Place around,
The poor have since more Pity found;
God grant this may a Warning be,
To those that use such Cruelty.

For daily here we may espy,
The poor for hunger starving lie;
The rich men's dogs do better fare,
Than many babes that orphans are.

But you that thus do waste your store,
And live regardless of the poor;
Remember death, for die you must,
And, like the poor, lie in the Dust.

10 11 12
F I N I S.



